

PONOKA HERALD.

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME III.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10 1902

NUMBER 6.

REAL ESTATE

WE transact all kinds of Real Estate Business.
Have the Largest List of land from which to select.

Improved & Unimproved Farms

We sell on small commission, do our own business, and by fair dealing meet all competition.
List your land with us for we buy and sell. All correspondence answered.

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In 1900 this Company led all Canadian Life Companies in the amount of new business written in Canada, and in 1901 it led them in the amount of dividends paid to policy holders. Its expense rate per cent to total income is lower than any other Canadian Company. The Mutual Life of Canada will give you the best value for your money. When you are thinking insurance write to

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Fire and Life Insurance.

LACOMBE, Alta.

THE BIG STORE

The Pioneer Merchants.



BARGAINS!

BARGAINS!

We are now in shape to serve the public with an up-to-date stock of merchandise. Our aim is high quality goods at as low prices as they can be sold for. Ball and see us at our new store.

F. E. Alcar & Co.
The Postoffice Store.

Do You

Want a watch for your wife, Sister or Sweetheart?

Our stock of Ladies' Watches, just received, is not surpassed in Alberta, quality and price considered.

Special Attention to Cleaning and Repriring.

Agates Full Stock—They're dandies—Right Prices.

Silverware Fine line Silver Novelties.

Ladies Chains, Bracelets and Necklaces.

REPAIRING

H. McDERMOTT.

THE PREMIER IN ENGLAND.

Portion of a Length Interview with Premier Haultain in England.

The HERALD has received a marked copy of the Manchester Guardian containing a lengthy interview with Premier Haultain, which shows that the Premier is doing some good work for the Canadian West while in England. The following is an extract from his interview:

The three organized districts of the Territories, said Mr. Haultain, have an area of 303,340 square miles, or nearly one hundred and ninety-five million acres. There is roughly about two and a half times as great an area as that of Great Britain, and half as large again as either France or Germany. There is therefore room for a large access of population. The climate is essentially a healthy one, and there is a total absence of malaria or other disease peculiar to the country. In fact Southern Alberta is already known throughout the North American continent as a health resort for people afflicted with lung trouble. The general appearance of the people of Western Canada, and the physique of the men and women it turns out are ample proof of the favorable climate and other healthy conditions of life. The summer is hot, but there is a total absence of cyclones and other storms such as are not infrequent in the American States of the Central West. The winters are cold—sometimes very cold for a few days at a stretch, added Mr. Haultain, possibly thinking of an occasional 'blizzard' he had experienced,—but the air is clear and calm and there is aundance of intense bright sunshine. Life in the winter is bright like the sunshine, and is most enjoyable and healthful. The average settler is a cheery soul, and fond of social gatherings and amusements, for which the winter, which puts a stop to most agricultural work, affords many opportunities.

An allusion to the Canadian Coronation Arch in Whitehall prompted Mr. Haultain to say:—"As a Canadian I am proud of Canada's contribution to London's Coronation decorations. Some people have called it an advertisement. I prefer to call it an invitation in a most appropriate and attractive form to the hundreds of thousands of toilers who must have looked at it with feelings of longing to escape to the larger and freer life of the great West which produced the products displayed on the arch. With the swift transit and minimum of discomfort attaching to travel in the twentieth century, emigration within the empire is a thing of the past. It is now moving from a congested district to another under the same flag where there is ample scope and plenty of work for all." As a lawyer, Mr. Haultain believes that the laws of the Territories should impress the people of Great Britain, as they are based upon English laws and are strictly and impartially enforced. What the law-abiding citizen in Western Canada most appreciates is the freedom under the law, which is natural and easy that the law itself is little in evidence. There is little crime, and there a total absence of the lawlessness and contempt for law and order which has characterized many portions of the Western United States in their earlier settlement. "Except in novels where the cowboy is a conspicuous figure, we have never," said Mr. Haultain, "had in the Territories an actual lynching, or even an attempt at such a thing, and carrying of arms for personal protection is entirely unknown."

SPECIAL ..SALE..

OF

Men's Neckties

ON

Saturday,
Oct. 11

AT

Fairley & Co.'s

Shop Early and Avoid the
Rush.



We're still Leaders..

IN

Hardware.

We handle everything in our line. If it is too big to put into our store we will get it for you. Our prices are such as to keep the goods moving.

W. H. SPACKMAN. Ponoka.

CLINTON C. REED

NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER,
REAL ESTATE.

CONVEYANCING AND ALL FORMS OF LEGAL BLANKS DRAWN.

"The Real Estate Man." SUB-AGENT DOMINION LANDS, AGENT BIRKBECK SAVINGS CO.

THE HERALD

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country earnestly solicited. Advertising rates on application.

DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAILS GOING NORTH CLOSE AT THIS OFFICE AS FOLLOWS:
Monday and Friday 1:45 p. m.
Thursday 3:40 p. m.

MAILS GOING SOUTH CLOSE
Tuesday, Thurs., Sat. 10:45 a. m.
Wednesday and Friday 10:20 a. m.
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.
F. E. ALGAR, P. M.

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH
Monday, Wed. & Friday 11:50 p. m.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 10:25 p. m.

GOING SOUTH
Monday, Wed. Friday 10:20 a. m.
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat. 11:10 a. m.

Ponoka Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Services at 11:00 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited. THOS. P. PERRY, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 3:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

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CHAS. PATCHETT.
UNDERTAKER
Full stock of Funeral Goods.
Prices Moderate.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

ALBERT E. SAGE
UNDERTAKER.
Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

ANGUS A. DRINNAN.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over McKinnell's Drug Store.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

FRATERNAL.

CANADIAN ORDER of FORESTERS. Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 8:00 p. m. A cordial invitation to all visiting members.
WILLIAM M. JONES, Chief Ranger,
EUGENE RHIAN, R. S. & P. S.

JOHN C. RATHBUN...

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AND
Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. PRICES RIGHT. WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta

W. D. PITCAIRN

Notary Public,
Conveyancer,
Auctioneer.

Naturalization Papers including Registration \$2.00.

Money to loan on improved town and farm property.

No Delay. Terms Reasonable.
CHIPMAN AVENUE.
Ponoka Alberta.

News and Comment.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Next Thursday is Thanksgiving.

F. M. Lee is erecting a barn on the rear of his lot.

I. D. Loewen was a visitor at Edmonton on business connected with his saw mill this week.

J. A. Marshall has erected a new residence in the village and moved his family into it up Battle river.

Jacob Wunnenberg, of Plymouth Nebraska, located in 45-27 last week and will move here during the winter or early spring.

Mrs. A. E. Knapp was here several days looking after her milliner store. She was accompanied by Miss Arbuckle, a dressmaker.

Lutheran church services will be conducted at Chas. Gierke's on October 26 by Rev. Gruber, who expects to soon locate in that section.

The HERALD is prepared to print sale bills as attractive as you can get anywhere and on short notice. We will also furnish you a good auctioneer.

C. E. Bush is cutting meat in the Ponoka meat market for A. L. Fairfield. Uncle Billy Huseroff has gone out onto his fine homestead southeast of the village.

The private sale of cattle by Messrs. Lucas, Algar and Cox Wednesday was not attended by a very large number of buyers and not all the stock was sold.

The leaves are off the trees and all vegetation has taken on its autumn hue. Winter will soon be upon us, the season of long evenings and leisure hours.

Sunday School and Methodist services will be held in the Methodist church next Sunday, the plastering having been completed. Sunday school at 10 a. m. and preaching at 7 p. m.

Al McKenzie, of Calgary, was in these parts this week and yesterday exhibited in our office a ripe wild strawberry and a fresh, new-blown blossom which he had picked from the prairie. How is that as an evidence of our mild climate?

Samuel Allison and family arrived Tuesday evening from Montana with his effects, including twenty head of cattle and nine head of good horses. He has leased Justus P. Vincent's place across the river from the village. Mr. Allison came here largely on account of his wife's ill health.

Rev. Gruber, a German minister and school teacher, will soon locate in the Gierke settlement in 43-27. It is expected that he will regularly hold services in that community. It is also the intention of the people there to have him conduct their school giving instruction in both English and German.

Another potato story which is verified by several of his neighbors, has been brought to this office by C. S. Wing and surpasses any we have yet published. Out of one hill he took seventy-nine potatoes, fifty-three of which were of good eating size. Other hills yielded but little less than this one, those that filled a 16 quart pail heaping full being of common occurrence in his patch.

The lumbering and logging industry at Ponoka is becoming one of quite large proportions. Foulger & Rowley will soon begin work in their lumbering camp at Pigeon Lake where they will give employment to about forty men during the winter. Loewin & Co. will also start their logging crew on Battle Lake in a few weeks and will employ as many or more men. This will mean the expenditure of a large sum of money and will give employment to some 100 men who would otherwise have considerable difficulty in obtaining lucrative employment during the winter months. Cook & Zuehlke have a three-year's contract for sawing for the former firm here.

A. B. Rowley spent Sunday at his home near Lacombe.

We are now offering this paper to Alberta readers the balance of this year and all of 1903 for one dollar.

James Dick is moving to town for the winter after spending the summer on his homestead three miles southeast.

E. R. Mattern came to town Saturday and took home a De Laval cream separator. He says the Laval is the best machine made, he having used several other makes.

E. L. English, representing the Waterous Co., was here this week interviewing our business men with a view to putting in a fire engine. Fire protection is no doubt our greatest need at present but we are hardly in shape in our present status as a village for putting in a complete apparatus.

We are told the Edmonton Bulletin, now semi-weekly will soon be converted into a daily paper. Frank Oliver started the Bulletin in 1880, when he freighted all his supply by ox-team from Winnipeg. His success is an object lesson in what honest business methods and a persevering disposition to surmount all obstacles may accomplish even on the troubled sea of journalism.

Repairing the C. & E.

CALGARY, OCT. 7.—Final instructions have been received by Supt. Niblock, of the C. P. R., to commence repairing and grading the Calgary and Edmonton railroad. It is doubtful if in all the work there is a line in worse condition than the C. & E. The track is in zig-zag shape, and, altogether, in a very deplorable condition. It has been reported that the C. & E. intended to spend \$100,000 in repairing the track, but until today this proposal never got beyond the "reported" stage. A large gang of men will be put to work at once to carry out the work as decided on.

For Sale.

Forty acres, 2 miles from town, all in cultivation, fenced, first class land, good buildings, clear title. Price \$1000, half cash, balance in one year.
W. D. PITCAIRN
Real Estate Agent
Ponoka.

Notice.

Parties are hereby notified not to do any hunting on the northeast 1/4 25 42 25 and the southeast 1/4 25 42 25 under penalty of prosecution.
J. Y. WININGS

Notice.

All settlements for Sharphead Indian Reserve land may be made at this office free of charge including all correspondence.

CLINTON C. REED.

Lost.

On the road between Ponoka and five miles east on Sunday night, Oct. 5, a light broadax. Finder suitably rewarded at this office or by
W. O. BATES.

Our New
10-Cent
CIGAR

IS AHEAD OF ANYTHING
BEFORE OFFERED FOR
THE MONEY IN PONOKA.

Try them once and you will
smoke nothing else.....

R. W. MCKINNELL,
Druggist. - - Ponoka.

RESIDENTIAL SITES

For Sale.

Some of the finest Building Sites near Ponoka, one mile from the village, for sale in one to ten-acre tracts. Price \$25 and \$40 per acre.
CHAS. PATCHETT.

J. G. Armstrong & Co.
BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
FARM LOANS AND INSURANCE.

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

A. L. Fairfield

Ponoka Meat Market.

All kinds of Fresh and Cured Meats on hand.

Highest Market Price
Paid for all Kinds of..... **Live Stock.**

...HENRY HERTZ...

DEALER IN—

Wholesale = Liquors.

A Fine Line of Liquors at wholesale. Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, etc. at Retail.

PONOKA, - - ALTA.

New House and
Newly Furnished.

Rates:
\$1 and \$2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to
Commercial Trade.

Ponoka, Alta.

22 The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

Ladies' Furnishings.

MRS. A. E. KNAPP

Is now doing business in E. R. Sage's old furniture store. We deal in Millinery Goods of all kinds, Ladies' underwear, ladies' aprons, sold at a bargain—55c each. Ladies' shirtwaists from 75c up. Children's fairs, embroidery silks, veils, and corsets at \$2.25, \$1 and 60c; also ladies' hose, and children's bonnets in all styles. Call and see for yourself.....

Store open 9:30 to 6:30 every day.

A First-Class Dressmaker.

DODD BROS...

**Harness
and
Saddlery.**

We are Up-to-Date in Harness, Whips, Brushes, Saddles, Currycombs, Fly Sheets.

Telescopes and Traveling Bags.

OUR REPAIRING IS FIRST-CLASS AND GUARANTEED.

See Here!!

Last and Best Plums of
the Season.

Large Yellow Egg Plum \$1.25 a Crate.

Next Door to
HERALD OFFICE.

B. C. GROAT,
Licensed Auctioneer.

News and Comment.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

F. Case returned from his trip to British Columbia Monday.

R. E. Walker and wife were passengers to Edmonton Monday.

Jacob Smith of Wetaskiwin, has opened a branch bakery in J. B. Barr's place on Railway street.

A lady's tan glove may be recovered by the owner by calling at this office and paying charges.

Burton C. Groat on Monday received his auctioneer's license. He is now prepared to cry sales on short notice.

John H. Unland and wife were down for the river, Wednesday. This was Mrs. Unland's first visit to town since moving out there.

George Horn has had charge of the Pioneer Lumber the past week, while Proprietor Jones was in Strathcona. The boss can have no complaint on the way George conducted matters.

John Schalk was in Saturday from the Blundman after medicine for Mrs. Schalk whom we regret to chronicle has not been in very good health since coming here from Sioux City, Iowa.

We have received another good report from the potato field, Mr. Lambert, six miles north, painted eight bushels and reaped the immense harvest of one hundred and eighty bushels. Hurrah for Alberta!

Howard Crocker and wife left Tuesday for their home in Hastings, Neb., after spending a few weeks with their parents here. While here Howard located southeast of Ponoka and will move here during the winter.

The sale of cattle by W. D. Pitcairn Tuesday was fairly attended and the cattle brought high all they were worth considering the grade of the stock. They were some that had been shipped here from the East and far inferior to the native cattle.

A. L. Bell returned last Friday on his pleasure trip to his old home, better pleased than ever with "Sammy Alberta". While he attended the Kootenai fair where was displayed fine exhibit of products from the middle Northwest and he says the southern counties are beginning to realize that there is something more than immigration here to attract people to what they have been wont to call the Lone land of the north.

The old Alberta House is being well this week onto lots on main avenue, where Cook, the owner, will have it re-erected and put in good condition a business location. W. O. Co. and crew are doing the thing. This building was one he very first to be erected in Ponoka, it has served as the living place of many of the old populace of this district. It is now served the day of the threes as a boarding house and will be replaced on its present by a larger and better building erected by F. C. Case, the owner of the lot.

Gar & Co. are now comfortably settled in their new store, where stock is attractively arranged for inspection of their custom. Stock-taking has also been in use and that establishment on a busy place this week. It is the pioneer business rise of Ponoka. They located here in 1895 when Ponoka was a lone water tank, settling title store in the old log building still stands on the corner main avenue and Railway street. They have stayed in the rough prosperity and adversity and now are fortunately one of the best stores on the line, where they soon entirely recover from ulti of their unfortunate. Are early last spring.

F. J. Hippock left on Wednesday for Lacombe.

Mrs. Rev. Perry is enjoying a visit from her sister from Ontario.

A. P. Anderson has moved into his new residence on Chipman avenue.

A. J. Aldrich is erecting an 18x30 annex to the Royal Hotel, to be used as sample rooms.

J. A. Huber has this week painted his barber shop floor. The colors are blue and yellow and quite attractive.

We note that Brother Westlund of the Immanuel Free Lances, has ordered a new jobbing outfit.

The regular quarterly communion will be held in the Presbyterian church Sabbath morning, Oct. 12 at 11 a. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones and Myrtle returned Wednesday from a week's visit with friends at and near Strathcona.

This office has just turned out a supply of printing for E. M. Peter, of Leduc and Evan O. Olsted, of New Norway, also some for Edmonton parties. Neatness and promptness characterize all our work.

A. D. Carter and T. W. Hutchinson, thrashers, report the yield of grain so far threshed as being very satisfactory. While the straw is not nearly so heavy as last year the yield of grain will almost equal that of a year ago.

This office has on display a Swedish turnip grown by M. Sorenson, three miles southeast of Ponoka, that weighs just fifteen pounds. What does your turnip weigh? He also presented us with some fine heads of cabbage, one of which weighs seven pounds.

The Royal Hotel bar is now in the basement where it is conveniently arranged. The room formerly occupied by it on the first floor has been converted into a gent's waiting room. The new proprietors are making marked improvements in the appearance of this hostelry.

George Horn has just placed in position for the writer one of the celebrated Anderson double-acting force pumps. From our experience with the same we feel confident this pump is all that is claimed for it. See ad in this paper or interview George for particulars.

The HERALD wishes to begin the new year with a largely increased subscription list. Especially do we desire List ad adjacent to Ponoka read their local paper. As a special offer we will give every person receiving mail at this office, the HERALD from now till January 1, 1903, for one dollar.

We acknowledge the receipt of "Western Editors in the South", a handsomely illustrated booklet descriptive of the southern trip of the editorial association last July. Among the pictures we notice the "mugs" of Bros. French and Samie. The boys seem to have been enjoying themselves among the orange blossoms and pretty maidens of the warmer climate.

A Daily Express Train.

The Bulletin gives the following bit of information which is hoped will prove authentic.

The report is current, apparently on good authority that the C. & E. and C. P. R. have decided to put on a daily (except Sunday) express train between Calgary and Edmonton. This is a much needed improvement and one that will be much appreciated. Official notification has not yet been received, but it is expected the change will take place about next Friday, Oct. 10th. Then all trains will leave Edmonton at 8 or 8.30, which will be a great advantage to the traveling public.

A Lost Boy.

Posters are out containing picture and asking for information of Herbert Young, only son of Constable Young, of Boissevain, Manitoba. The poster says, "The lad is 14 years old, tall for his age, has fair complexion and blue eyes. His mother is very ill and nearly crazed with grief. No reason is known for his departure. He was found of horses and cattle. Any information may be sent to

A. S. BARTON.

Editor of the Recorder, Boissevain, Manitoba."

The Champion Turnip.

The HERALD lays claim to having in its possession the champion turnip of Alberta. This specimen weighs just one ounce less than twenty-five pounds and was furnished us by Wm. Ledgerswood. It was grown in the Garden of Alberta, four miles southeast of Ponoka. Many other large specimens have been shown but we doubt if this one can be beaten.

Asker.

Alan preached his farewell sermon in the hall last Sunday.

Most of the farmers are through stacking their grain. The yield seems to be good although the straw is a little short.

There will be a basket party in the Asker hall Friday evening, October 7. A fine program will be rendered. Everybody invited.

A number of the neighbors took to the auction sale at the Wilcox place Wednesday, Oct. 1st. They report good prices for all that was sold.

Carl Pukler came out from Wetaskiwin last Saturday night home with a brand new team of horses.

Mr. Woyen has a smile on him all day and a yard wide these days. It is a large handsome baby boy which came Saturday, Sept. 30.

A few of the farmers have quite a large tract of plowing done.

Brooks School District.

Mr. and Mrs. Devo of Springfield, Ill., who have been spending a couple of weeks with their birth, Russell Devo of this neighborhood, started on the return trip last Tuesday. Mr. Devo who owns a fine farm a few miles out of Springfield thinks the increased of this country have many advantages over those of western states, and they will have just one country in a few years with all the modern conveniences and the fine climate, a great people, and every facility for pushing better and increased transportation in the near future. Mr. Devo enjoyed the shooting and fishing immensely and carries home many pleasant memories of his Canadian trip.

The farmers are rejoicing over the abundant crops and fine harvest weather, which they have diligently improved as the numerous stacks of grain in all directions bear evidence. Every other product yields a good average in all the absence of a September snow storm is not considered a calamity.

Mr. Mallios has erected a large frame barn this week.

Mr. Lincoln who has been in poor health and under treatment by Dr. Drimmon for a few weeks, is convalescent.

Singer Sewing Machine Co.

E. M. PETERBIT of Leduc, or the—Leduc Wetaskiwin, Ponoka and Part of Lacombe Districts.

We write me for repairs, needles, oil, etc. If your old machine is out of order, ask me to overhaul it. I am able to repair every make of sewing machine.

Geo. W. Nelson.

—LACOMBE, Alta. Careful and Experienced WATCHMAKER.

Leave work with A. REID, Ponoka.

Can do your work after others fail. A trial convinces.

Prices right. Work guaranteed.

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN McKENTY, Representing The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation. The Best Company in America to do business with. NO COMMISSIONS. NO DELAY. LEAST EXPENSE. Communication invited. JOHN McKENTY, Real Estate, Financial Broker. —LACOMBE, Alta.

GRAIN SACKS...

At Lower Prices than You have paid before. A FULL STOCK OF General Merchandise. AT PONOKA PRICES. At the Fairbank Postoffice. W. J. EARL.

W. E. TURNER & CO.

Dealers in Native and Coast Lumber. SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, SHINGLES AND LATH. PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW. Ponoka, Alta.

Brick House... Newly Furnished. Everything strictly First-Class.

ROYAL HOTEL.

ANDERSON & DEEA, Proprietors. The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars. The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta. Special attention to commercial trade. Rates \$1 to \$2 per day.

Pioneer Barn.



DRAWING Promptly DONE.

W. M. JONES, Prop. C. P. R. LAND GUIDE. Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS. Promptness - always - our - Specialty.

W. R. Courtwright & Son, THE LEADING Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS & DEERING HARVESTING MACHINERY. Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

John Simington

CARPENTER AND CONTRACTOR

Fine Inside Work a Specialty... Estimates cheerfully given. All Work Guaranteed. CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"Dog, miss?" said a passing steward. "Is he a passenger? Then the butcher will have him safe. If not, guess he is made into sausages by this time, for the chief officer's bound to have him hanged."

"I have paid for the dog's ticket, and perhaps you will be good enough to di-



When I took him in hand he displayed the same restlessness that I had met me to the butcher," I said sharply. "I wish to see that the dog is made comfortable."

"He'll be that, miss, sure enough. If he's peacefully disposed; otherwise Sam McKillop has a heavy hand with the rope's end."

Full of misgivings for Roy, whose cross grained nature seemed likely to get him into trouble, I went in all haste to the far stern, picking my way among all sorts of dirt till some one produced Sam McKillop, a big, burly man, with rough black beard and great, bare, hairy arms.

"That's me. Who wants Sam McKillop? Will it be you, men?"

"It's about my dog, Mr. McKillop," I said sweetly. "A golden collie; answers to the name of Roy."

"I mind him. But did you say you, men? I was thinking another person owned him—him as brocht him to me."

"I don't know who that could be. But I am in charge of him, and I want you to be kind to him"—I handed over a sovereign—"and to bear with him, for he has a queer temper sometimes. I hope he will give you no trouble."

"Ma certie he'll give you no trouble. I'm no' fashed for that. He's done and quiet enough, I'm thinking. Cam' here like a wee lamme trotting at the heels of the chap that brocht him."

"Was it some one who caught him, do you think? I should like to know."

"Mayhap. But I thocht he owned him, the beast listened to him so kindly, and he lay down just at a word, as though from an old friend."

"Found out his mistake like a sensible creature, I suppose, and thought it best to settle down till he found me. Will you take me to see him, Mr. McKillop, please?"

"He's yonder, in the hutch under the bulkhead; snug in his straw, and making the best o't—a lesson to mair contrary Christians."

I followed the indication, and there was Roy lying at ease in his rude kennel; his beautiful head rested on his two fore paws, and he looked perfectly contented and happy. At my approach he barely lifted his large, sleepy eyes, but there was something like a wink of recognition in them, accompanied by a rustle in the straw from the wagging of his ponderous tail.

This complete change in his demeanor was a pleasant surprise. I did not seek to explain it to myself, but speaking a few words of encouragement, I left him. More pressing matters called me aft. The steamer was already beyond the shelter of the land, and the sea had risen under a fast freshening summer gale.

I was not sorry to get back to my berth, and soon had no further concern with mundane affairs, or the passage of time. My only recollections of the next three days are a confused memory of acute discomfort. We were all wretchedly ill—mother, poor dear! Fanny, of course, and I, although hitherto I had liked the sea.

My own collapse was, no doubt, the reaction from the keen anxieties that had oppressed me before departure. They were as keen as ever now; but when I roused myself from the stupor of seasickness, and crawled up on deck to breathe the magnificent ozonized air of the Atlantic, I felt revived and more fit to face them.

Some one helped me to my deck chair. It was my friend Mr. Rossiter. Some one had placed it in a sheltered corner—Mr. Rossiter. Some one got wraps for me, and a novel, and a deck steward with a cup of invigorating beef tea; this same some one left me in peace to recover health and strength—always Mr. Rossiter. I blessed the kindly, considerate chivalry of American men.

Now, as I lounged there lazily, I began to think about things a little more closely, and to consider how far I had advanced matters or served the cause by this escapade of mine.

I had failed in the very first task I had set myself, that of keeping a watch

upon the conspirators. I had seen nothing of them for three days. I knew no more about them than when I had come on board, and I had no clear notion how I should act when I arrived in New York, what would be best, or what would come of anything I did. Despair and despondency seized me; I felt utterly helpless, useless, and was full of self reproach. Yet daylight was nearer than I thought. I now saw Mr. Rossiter approaching and leading Roy by his chain.

"Here's some one you may be glad to see," he said pleasantly. "I got leave to give him a short run."

"Your dog? What a handsome creature!" said a lady seated by my side, and, turning, I saw to my surprise it was the Duchess of Tierra Sagrada. Roy, who was a lump of conceit, perfectly understood the compliment. It was one of his well behaved days. He sat there, solemn and self satisfied, giving a paw and doing all his little tricks almost without asking, while the duchess petted and made much of him without the least protest on his part.

Then with a quick motion of not unnatural curiosity the duchess looked at his collar. It was no doubt a civil way of finding out who I was, but the result was something of a shock to us both. For when she started back in surprise that had terror in it, I remembered that his collar still bore his master's name and regiment, "Captain W. A. Wood, —th regiment."

"Who are you? What does this?" she began hurriedly, but recovered herself and said, with great self-control: "You know a Captain Wood, then? We have one on board too. I wonder if they are related. You must allow me to introduce you. He is traveling with us."

Before I could answer a man stood over us and a harsh voice called her by name, but in a language I did not understand. She got up with prompt obedience, that I set down to anxiety to tell her husband (of course it was the duke) what she had discovered. But as they walked away together he did all the talking, and from the infection I felt sure he was taking her sharply to task.

"Yes, he's rating her soundly," remarked Mr. Rossiter. "Reckon not many American women would stand that sort of talk from their husbands. He's telling her she ought not to have taken up with you—that he had expressly ordered her to make no chance acquaintances. It's a queer game about that dog."

"What do you know about the dog?" I asked, quite frightened.

"Everything, Miss Fairholme. More than you do, I guess," he said, with a little laugh.

"Who are you?"

"A friend. But this is too public a place to talk in. Are you equal to a turn upon the deck? We shall be safe away aft there, and it will be supposed we are exercising the dog."

I went readily enough and was greatly comforted by what I heard. This Mr. Rossiter, who had been so attentive, was an ally and agent of Mr. Snuzzer, who had been deputed to take his place in case he could not go himself by our steamer.

"I am one of Saraband's people, too, although not so high in their confidence as Saul J. He is a daisy and has won



Heart there, solemn and self satisfied, giving a paw and doing all his little tricks, his place by many fine operations. I am only beginning, but I hope well. Things are moving in the right direction. Before you leave this ship, before many hours pass perhaps, I shall be able to give you some startling surprises, only you must await the right time."

I could not find words to thank him and went back to my seat tremulous with excitement, yet patient and contented, willing to trust this new and most unexpected ally.

[CONTINUED.]

Joy Poisoning.

A treatment highly recommended by a scientific magazine for poisoning from Ivy is to wet a slice of bread with water, dust it with common washing soda and apply to eruption, keeping the bread wet from the outside. Half an hour of this treatment is said to be a sure cure.

Table Decoration.

An attractive way of decorating the table for a small function is to stand a tall crystal vase in a shallow bowl of cut or baccarat glass, the bowl filled with short stemmed flowers and the vase with a few long stemmed blossoms.

A SINCERE TRIBUTE

AN IRISHMAN TELLS OF THE GOOD NATURE OF BRITAIN'S KING.

A Man Who Never Did an Inconsiderate Thing, Who Never Said a Tactless Thing, But Whose Life Has Been of Necessity Devoted to the Non-Essentials of Being—Fond of Popular Liberties.

James O'Donnell Bennett writes thus of King Edward VII.:

His gift for making everybody feel good was positive genius and no sign of a truckling imagination.

When the royal cortege went through the streets of London, this one and that one was greeted with various degrees of respect and affection—the old Queen with reverence, Alexandra with chivalry, as if she were the sweetheart of the Empire, the Empress Frederick with tender sympathy.

But Edward with cheers, in which there were good humor and good-fellowship. It was amazing to see how instantly his appearance in a royal pageant relieved the tension, and set people up comfortably on their weary legs. His mother received the tribute of awe, his sisters the tribute of respect, but for him was reserved the pleasantest sound that can greet the ears of a prince—cheers with the welcome of laughter in them.

The people would begin to grin amiably as soon as the word ran down the line, "The Prince is coming." When he was in sight there was nothing perfunctory about the greetings. They vibrated with the spirit of fun, deep-chested, jovial cheers, such as greet a winning sportsman or a popular idol, whom we are glad to see in continued luck.

It was so on Jubilee day of '97, when he rode on horseback directly behind his mother's carriage. The eyes of thousands filled when they saw her—that sad, serene little figure, above whom hovered the brightness of so many glories, the shadow of so many sorrows. Then they saw the merry prince whom they had loved and berated and forgiven for nearly half a century, and they hastily brushed away the tears and gave him once again the deep-voiced welcome that has the laugh of comradeship behind it.

Again, I saw him late one night, when with much rumbling of wheels and clattering of hoofs and jingling of accoutrements, he and his retinue swept out of the narrow Strand and into the broad expanse of Trafalgar-square. He was on his way from a command performance of opera at Covent Garden to Marlborough House. The streets were flooded with light and you could see him plainly through the glass doors and sides of his carriage. He was pale, and I swear his face would have seemed merely stupid had it not been so serene. The Hussars followed his carriage, instead of riding around it. I have never seen a man in a position that was in itself so abjectly helpless.

Only the will to harm him was required to make his position perilous in the last degree. Yet there was in his eye a placid look of trustfulness and affection that stirred a kindly feeling in more than one republican heart. The wheels of his carriage all but brushed our coats as we gaped at him. He was dressed in a scarlet uniform, and blazing with decorations. He looked just what he was—a splendid, pleasing figure-head, serving an entirely and harmless end, in some respects a very useful purpose.

The tired, close-packed multitudes cheered him gay inside the palace gates and the glimpse of him had so restored the gala spirit of the long-drawn-out, tiring day that everybody scurried for the neighboring cafes to drink his health.

This man, without whom the world could have got on just as well as it has with him, has been the object of intense loyalty and affection for a generation and a half, because he has an intensely loyal and affectionate nature.

He has loved to be loved, and he has worked on the principle that the surest way to receive affection is to inspire it.

More than any other public figure of our time, he has been all things to all men, more than once so compassionately so as to bring reproach upon himself.

He has made it the business of his life to cultivate the amenities, the genial superficialities, that help to make existence pleasant, if not more purposeful.

He possesses social sagacity in its perfection, and unparalleled adaptability. He can contribute a sensible hint or a feasible plan to a family conference in which sit the throated heads of Russia, England, Denmark and Greece, and he can say the pleasant, cheering word at a dinner of London cab drivers.

Consider, in making your estimate of him, the interesting fact every one of his multifarious occupations has had to do with the non-essentials of life.

For a man who has been dilettante-student, traveler, horseman, administrator of social functions, amateur farmer, hunter, yachtsman and connoisseur of pictures—for such a man to have at all impressed his personality on his time is marvelous. This the Prince and King certainly has done to some extent.

Just now it might perhaps be hard to say, and the value, such as it is,

of his work can perhaps not be more exactly sum up now than by saying that he made society more genial and less snobbish.

This was the task of only an ardent elegantiarum, to be sure, and so makes no very great entry in the sum total of the world's progress. But it was a task worth doing, nevertheless, and when he ceases to fulfil it Europe will look in vain among her loftily placed ones for a man to carry on the fosterings of society's elegance as tactfully and as bravely as he did.

It may not be much to go down in the annals of the pleasant, agreeable, Prince, who never did an inconsiderate thing and never said a tactless thing, but it is something.

"Motto amabile," the motto of the Sepoite. Vive call him to this day, and cherish the memory of this visit, for he talked with them sympathetically, and was interested in their handicraft. "Motto amabile" he has been to all the world, patiently and consistently. "Motto amabile" a tout le monde." Prince Metemich, who had a shrewd eye for character, called him when he was a boy. That sturdy, uncompromising republican, Gambetta, shook his head in bewilderment after he had chatted with him and said: "Oh, those lucky Englishmen! Their very princes are fonder of popular liberties than are our very liberals."

All because the prince had uttered the neither original nor startling, but very tactful remark that every nation had a right to choose its own form of government.

Fond of liberty, and particularly of his own liberty to come and go as he liked, and to amuse himself as he pleased, Edward VII. has been all his life. He has respected the rights of other people and he has debonairly taken it for granted that other people would respect his. It required some courage to do this, for he had his inevitable truce to the rigorous exactions of the nonconformist conscience he would have had a poor time. Despite the fact that he has a will of his own, he steered safely clear of scandalizing the possessors of the non-conformist conscience on the one hand and being a prig and a hypocrite on the other.

The English are an intensely materialistic and practical people, in their pleasures, as well as their business and their politics. Edward has been liked and loved by them because he is, in a superlative degree, what they are. They set a great store by material good things, and he has been a frank, breezy, unaffected exposition of their tastes, liking good horses, good wine, good fellows—masculine or feminine—good hunting, good clothes, good manners—liking, in a word, the things a prosperous Englishman likes, and gets, if he can.

As Gambetta said, he is a better democrat than many who profess the faith. He forbade the members of his household and his servants to address his children as their Royal Highnesses. He snubbed the Norfolk gentry unmercifully because they took umbrage at his inviting the sturdy farmers on his Sandringham estates to the same festivities to which he had bidden them. He had his boys trained by old sailors on the Britannia and the Bacchante, to the end that they might know how to do a man's work dexterously and feel an honest artisan's pride in it.

He has found his keenest enjoyment when he could knock about remote corners of the world with his wife under the alias of "Mr. and Mrs. Williams."

He has made the purple, red and black, respected on the great race courses of England, as a token of honest, gentlemanly sport.

He has relieved social life of some of its foolish complexities, by inventing the semi-dress coat and the short dinner.

All his life long he has been gentle, frank, engaging, fun-loving, discreet-speaking—and he has never hurt anybody's feelings—which is a kindly thing in itself.

AFRICA'S SLEEPING SICKNESS.

British scientists to study strange and deadly fatal disease.

An expedition organized by the British Foreign Office and the Royal Society recently left England for East Africa to investigate the whoe subject of the "sleeping sickness" in Uganda. The expedition consists of Dr. Low, who lately returned from investigating yellow fever in St. Lucia, and who recently carried out some highly interesting experiments in regard to malaria in the Roman Campagna; Dr. Christy, who has done valuable medical work on the Niger and in connection with the plague in India, and Dr. Castellani, of the Jenner Institute.

These gentlemen will go direct from Marseilles to Entebbe, the headquarters in Uganda, via Mombasa. It is hoped to conclude the preliminary investigation into the subject in about eight months. The observers will not only study in the various provinces of the Uganda Protectorate the history and causes of the disease, with a view to remedial measures, but also the area within which the malarial has declared itself.

"Sleeping sickness," or negro lethargy, is a very fatal disease, which has been long known in West Africa, but has recently traveled along the Congo into Uganda. The fear is that it will spread in this region. It has many features in common with the general paralysis of the insane. Hitherto it has only attacked natives, and three cases were recently under treatment in London hospitals. Latest reports from Uganda indicate

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that in Innoga alone 20,000 persons have succumbed, and it is said to be still on the increase.

King William's Determination.

There are some interesting glimpses of William IV and Queen Adelaide in a volume which Mr. Brimley Johnson has ready for publication. It consists of the letters and personal reminiscences of the late Miss Chichester of Boston House. We learn, for one thing, that King William made a "determination never to lay his head on his pillow till he had signed everything he ought to on the day." This caused him "cruel suffering" from cramp, and he had often to stop in the middle of work and "put his hand in hot water." The documents which have to be signed by the King in these days must be many more.—London Chronicle.

A Master of Science.

Rootmaker—You'll excuse me, sir, but can I see that those boots are too tight for you. They'll give you corns. Customer—My good man, that's what I require. I'm the clerk of the weather, and I want to know when to be able to predict rain with certainty.—Punch.

A Lost Opportunity.

"I was bunked in with a lot of cowboys at an Arizona hotel one night," said the Chicago drummer, "and had been asleep for an hour or so when one of my teeth began to ache and woke me up. I went down stairs after whisky, and I nearly burned my tongue out with pepper sauce, and I finally had to dress and sit up beside the office stove the remainder of the night. In the morning the boys noticed my swollen face as they came down, and one of them looked me over and asked: 'Well, pard, what is it?' 'Toothache.' 'Bother you all night?' 'All night long.' 'Humph! You must be a queer sort of cuss. Why didn't you say something about it and let one of us shoot the darned thing out by the roots?'"

The Most Mendacious Pastime.

They tell us how George Washington made truth his constant mission. He must have missed a lot of fun by never "goin' fishin'."

Obliging.

"Please give me something," the tramp said as he came into the office. "Anything will help me out." So the man gave him his boot.

The Bill.

"That fills the bill!" When first we heard. In use this common term? Perhaps 'twas when the early bird had caught the early worm.

Honest.

"Honest! Why, say, I don't believe that man would cheat an Indian out of his reservation if he had the chance."

A Lost Art of the Hindoos.

The Hindoos appear to have made wrought iron directly from the ore without passing it through the furnace, an art now lost. Elaborate iron pillars made by that system are still seen in India, some of them dating from ten centuries before the opening of the Christian era.

Prussian Forests and Fruits.

Of the 86,151,083 acres of land in Prussia 23 per cent is occupied by forests and orchards.

As a rule the man who gets in a pickle doesn't look well preserved.

White flour is a delusion. A dog fed only on it will die in 12 days.

Daylight and truth meet us with clear dawn.—Milton.

THE HERALD

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

A WISE DECISION.

"The deacon prayed for rain six days and nights on a stretch, and when the rain came?"

"What then?"

"Drowned two of his best cows and washed the foundations from under his house. An' now he says that hereafter he's a good mind to keep quiet an' jest let Providence run the weather to suit itself."

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first class article for Bilious Headache."

Some folks who don't believe in faith cures have unlimited faith in their physicians.

Some men never acquire enemies because they have no money to lend to their friends.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co., Gentlemen—In June '98 I had my hand and wrist badly bitten by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days, and the tooth cuts refused to heal, until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and the effect was magical. In five hours the pain had ceased, and in two weeks the wound had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly,
A. E. ROY,
Carriage Maker, St. Antoine, P.Q.

It is the polished villain that beats the bootblack out of his job.

It matters but little if a prophet is without honor in his own country, provided he can afford to go abroad.

How Tuesday's Liniment for Rheumatism.
Neb., at wife he may be dressed in more shabby attire than any other married one, but it's the chalk in the neck that counts.

One of the noblest works of creation is the man who pays for his paper without being damned.—New Denver Ledger.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Are Nature's Cure For Children's Ailments.

Medicines containing opiates should never be given to children—little or big. When you use Baby's Own Tablets for your little ones you have a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. They are good for all children from the smallest, weakest infant to the well grown child. These Tablets quickly relieve and positively cure all stomach and bowel troubles, simple fevers, troubles while teething, etc. They always do good, and can never do the slightest harm. For very small infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. J. P. Latham, Chatham, Ont., says: "My baby took very sick. His tongue was coated, his breath offensive, and he could not retain food on his stomach. He also had diarrhoea for four or five days and grew very thin and pale. We gave him medicine, but nothing helped him until we gave him Baby's Own Tablets. After giving him the first dose he began to improve and in three days he was quite well. He began to gain flesh and is now a fat, healthy boy. I am more than pleased with the Tablets as I think they saved my baby's life."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail net paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Forty-five tons is the record weight ever pulled by a pair of horses. The load consisted of bark, which was placed on a sleigh and pulled over the ice.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

It is always right that a man should render a reason for the faith that is within him.—Sidney Smith.

DANGERS OF A BURN.
An extensive burn, though superficial throughout, is a deadly accident. Death within forty-eight hours is highly probable if two-thirds of the surface of the body be involved, even though the burn has locally produced little more than an erythema (redness).

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

INTELLIGENCE IN PLANTS.

Something almost as good as intelligence is exhibited by plants. If, during a dry season a bucket of water be placed near a growing pumpkin, in the course of a few days the vegetable will turn from its course and get at least one of its leaves in the water.

TOWN TREASURER

QUEBEC MUNICIPAL OFFICER GIVES IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.

Without Fear, Favor or Affection, He Speaks Plainly His Honest Sentiments, Adding Some Words of Advice.

Wolfestown, Que., Sept. 1.—(Special)—Mr. R. Boulanger, Secretary and Treasurer of this town is numbered among the most prominent and highly respected citizens of the country.

Time and again he has been honored by appointments to offices of public trust, and there is no man in our community who commands the universal respect and esteem of all classes of citizens more than Mr. Boulanger.

Those who know him well are aware that for some time he was very ill, and they also know that he was restored to good health, but many of them may not be aware of the means used by Mr. Boulanger in accomplishing the wonderful recovery which he has been fortunate enough to bring about.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him and he has made this fact public in a grateful letter, which reads as follows:

"I desire to say that I was completely cured of Kidney Disease and Urinary Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was so bad that I was obliged to urinate often, with much pain. They have relieved me of the pain and the results in every way are satisfactory.

"I think it is prudent for every family to keep them and use them."

When a man of Mr. Boulanger's standing puts himself on record so frankly and positively, there can be no doubt but that he has experienced all and more than he states in his letter.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have now permanently established themselves as an infallible remedy for all urinary trouble, and the closing words of Mr. Boulanger's letter are an advice which every household should observe.

Many a man's crookedness is due to his attempt to make both ends meet.

The expenses of municipal government in London last year were £3,400,000 less than those of New York.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what amount of pain is saved.

You can't convince a girl that marriage is a failure until after she tries it.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

Virtue will be a kind of health and beauty and good habit of the soul; and vice will be a disease and deformity and sickness of it.—Plato.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia, or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

The fastest long distance train in the world is run between Paris and Beyonne, in France. The speed is 51.13 miles an hour.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

The Breslau Co-operative society has a record membership. It can boast of no fewer than \$78,619 members, and in point of numbers is the largest co-operative society in the world. As regards its trade, however, it is beaten by several English societies.

A knocker is a person full of envy or a seeker after blackmail.

The biggest nugget of tin on record was recently found at North Dundas, Tasmania. It weighed 5,400lb., 67 per cent. being pure tin.

Well Made.

Pure flour and pure yeast do not necessarily mean good bread. It may be spoiled in the making. Just so; material is not everything. Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, after a number of analyses, reports that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap." "Well made" means more than you think. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will enjoy the benefits of a "well-made" soap, and will see that Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he.

LION STALKING.

Tracking the Monarch of the Jungle Very Dangerous—No Pastime If You May Judge by the stories Below.

In "A Tale of Several Lions," by Hercules D. Viljoen, in the June Era, the author writes:

"Van Aardt came to me and suggested a little lion hunting. Now, I knew lions as well as he; deliberate hunting for a lion who mourns a murdered mate was a proceeding so temerarious that the most foolhardy of professional hunters would not dare the conflict. But in the near neighborhood of the spot where Madame Lions had been killed there was one lion with an earthquake voice whose rumblings fascinated the fiery spirit of Van Aardt.

"I am going," he said.

I could not let him go alone, for we had fought too often side by side. We started off, my reckless comrade laying out, in calmest confidence, the artless plan he had of walking up to that tumultuous hell of wrath incarnate and of blowing a few lethal holes in it with his Mauser.

As we came nearer, the roars ceased. The lion, weary with his imprecations of the night, had gone away from the scene of his bereavement for rest and sleep. But we found in the jungle's depths the footway he had trod; in a sentry path of 20 feet he had stalked back and forth for twelve hours, calling aloud for vengeance.

Kristmansen, who had looked upon Van Aardt as a hot-headed madman for a time, decided he would use the morning for a peaceful springbok hunt, and took his Kaffir boy along. He went in the direction opposite to ours. After half an hour's close tracking, the Kaffir, who had been in advance, appeared at his elbow with impish suddenness, and in a whispered word:

"Baas, a lion!"

Kristmansen started ahead of him. There in a tiny clearing not 30 yards away, the monarch stood, his mane quivering with the intensity of his attention, and his brilliant eyeballs gleaming in the effort to penetrate the single veil of cover that hid the hunter from his view. The Kaffir had a faith in his master that was sublime.

"Shoot, Baas, shoot!"

Kristmansen knew that death stood waiting for him in the clearing beyond. The chances were all against a first fatal shot. The wounded lion would tear him into shreds of mangled flesh before he could have time to fly.

Step by step, his very breath pent up, he made the slow retreat. The Kaffir, fancying all his master need to do was to fire a single shot, accompanied him with an expression of disdain. For 10 good minutes, Kristmansen paced backwards, and then came swiftly to the camp again upon the chance of making up a party whose numbers would mean safety in a concerted attack. But the majority of us were away, and that lion, with all the others among the spouses of Farie's lioness, went unmolested from that day forth.

I was in Pretoria a little later and saw a sight that told me how wise Kristmansen had been. The oldest lion hunter of the Transvaal shook me by the hand—and used his left hand for the greeting. The other arm hung, withered and helpless, at his side. Only half his face was there to speak to me. The other half went into a lion's maw a few months earlier.

He was hunting springbok with his son, and carried an ancient muzzle loader. A dead shot, the old man decrised a buck not 50 feet away, and kneeling, fired. The crack of the rifle was answered by the snarling roar of a wounded lion. The bullet, passing through the buck, had struck the mighty beast as he was about to spring. And it had no more than wounded him.

He leaped for the smoke, coming on in flying bounds, while my old friend fumbled wildly with his powder horn. He was too slow. The bullet had not dropped into the barrel before the lion was upon him.

One crunch of his tremendous jaws, and an arm was stripped to the bone. Another, and the side of his face had vanished. The cavernous throat above the prostrate man roared once more, before the teeth should clash together, when the son, running up, put his rifle barrel to the lion's side, and drove a half-ounce bullet through his heart.

The chances are in favor of the lion when accident brings him and man together.

Never Failing Rainmaker.

They watched the sky
For a sign of rain,
But all their watching
Was in vain.

The crops were scorched,
And the grass was brown
And dust six inches
Deep in town.

And when their hope
Was near worn out
A wise man brought them
A waterpout.

He coaxed the rain,
All damp and cool,
With a pum for the
Sunday school.

Fish Caught on the Premises.

In some of the big restaurants of Russia there is a pool of water in which various kinds of fish swim about. A patron of the restaurant who desires fish goes to the pool, points out the particular one he wishes, and in an instant the waiter has captured it with a dip net and sent it to the chef.

ASK FOR Ogilvie's Oats

Delicious flavor. Free from hulls. Warranted Pure. Put up in all sized packages.

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As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR. Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the Best. HAVE NO EQUAL.

If you want to find out which is really the best tea in Canada, buy a package of Blue Ribbon Ceylon and it won't take you long to decide

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The E. B. Eddy Co.
Limited.
Hull, Canada.

The latest and Finest Brand yet made.

The war is over! Don't pay war prices for highly puffed cheap TEA
Buy GOLD STANDARD
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Arrow Lake, B.C.

Situated midst scenery unrivalled for grandeur.

The most complete health resort on the continent of North America.

Its baths cure all Nervous and Muscular diseases.

Its Waters heal all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Ailments.

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Toronto, ----- Ontario.

Only 44 persons took out papers of naturalization in the whole of the French colonies last year.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Vladivostok possesses the only crematorium that has been erected in the whole Russian empire.

Wilson's Fly Pads

(POISON)

One 10 cent package will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky fly paper. Clean and handy.



A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

A box of cigars for her hubby. Ten to one they are LUCINAS, because all ladies love their sweet aroma.

MANUFACTURED BY GEO. F. BRYAN & CO., WINNIPEG

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from Ocean to Ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFLAMME, AGTS., MONTREAL.

W. N. U. No. 392

Finding a nine-leaved "shamrock" a farm laborer at Groningen, Holland, sent it to Queen Wilhelmina, who accepted the gift, and rewarded the donor with \$10.

TILL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

Queen Alexandra belongs to the ancient family of Holstein-Oldenburg, which for hundreds of years occupied the throne of Denmark. The families of the Dukes of Holstein date from 1000.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

I have learned to judge of men by their own deeds; I do not make the accident of birth the standard of merit.—Mrs. Hale.

To know what is just and not to practise it is cowardice.—Confucius.

BOWSER'S GOOD DEED

HE DOES A CHARITABLE ACT AND HELPS PLEADING MENDICANT.

His Wife Is Hard Hearted, but Bowser Is Touched and Goes Forth to Help the Man's Starving Wife, With Unhappy Results.

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MR. BOWSER reached his gate the other evening just as a poorly clad man who dragged one leg behind him was leaving it. The man had such a discouraged and weebegone look on his face that he was halted and asked the cause of his distress.

"Why, I asked for a crust of bread and a cold potato in there and was turned down," he replied.

"You didn't ask for money?" queried Mr. Bowser.

"No, sir. I have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and I asked for



"WOMAN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE DONE?"

food only. I would have been satisfied with the crusts thrown into the garbage pail, but the woman called me an impostor and told me to be off."

"She did, did she? Was it the cook or the lady of the house?"

"It was the lady, sir. Her eyes snapped when she told me to get. I wanted to tell her about my dying wife, but she wouldn't listen to a word."

"Is your wife dying?"

"She is. Yes, sir, she's dying for the want of medicines and food. She may be dead when I get back home. If so, I shall jump into the river at once. Sir, you do not know what it is to see a wife dying for the want of the crumbs people throw out to their dogs."

"Look here, man," said Mr. Bowser, whose heart had suddenly swelled to twice its natural size, "I don't happen to have a cent of change with me, but if you will be back here in about an hour I'll go with you to your home and relieve your distress. Go and tell your wife that you have found some one who will provide for her every want and that she shall have every care that money can buy."

"I'll do it, sir, and I'll ask her to live on, and, oh, sir—"

"There, there—never mind, my poor fellow. Run along with the good news and be sure to be back in an hour. All the people in this town haven't hearts of stone."

The man limped off, wiping his eyes and mumbling his thanks, and Mr. Bowser entered the house with such a frozen expression on his face that Mrs. Bowser felt a shiver go over her, and the cat looked around for a safe hiding place.

"Is—Is anything wrong?" was asked as dinner was served.

Mr. Bowser's frozen expression froze still harder, and there were icicles in his voice as he answered:

"We will talk of the matter after dinner, though how your conscience can permit you to swallow a single mouthful of food is beyond me."

There was a row coming for sure, and Mrs. Bowser braced up to meet it. She hadn't broken a window that day, and the gas bill hadn't come in nor the clothespins been used for fuel in the furnace, but something was wrong somewhere. A grim silence prevailed until dinner was finished and they had reached the sitting room, and then Mr. Bowser wheeled on her and, pointing a finger at her nose, hoarsely exclaimed:

"Woman, do you know what you have done?"

"Has—has one of the water pipes burst?" she asked as she looked around.

"Don't try to evade the question!" he exclaimed as he took a step nearer.

"Woman with a heart of stone, you turned a starving man from our door an hour ago."

"No, I didn't. An old tramp came along and asked for 10 cents, and"—

"He was no old tramp. He was the husband of a woman dying for the want of food and care. He himself hadn't tasted food for a day or two. With tears in his eyes and a heart full of grief he asked you for a crust, for a cold potato—aye, for a bone—and what reply did you make? Heartless, selfish female, you bade him be gone!"

"I say he was an old tramp whose breath smelled of whisky, and he wanted 10 cents to buy more with. He's called here a dozen times. If you let that man take you in"—

"Silence!" roared Mr. Bowser. "I understand you perfectly. You have no heart. The sufferings of your fel-

low beings are nothing to you. You care not who dies or who lives. A starving man with a dying wife asks for a cold potato—simply a cold potato—and you threaten him with the police! Heavens, but is there another such woman in all this world?"

"It's no use to try to make you understand," said Mrs. Bowser as she sat down.

"Not a bit of it; not a bit," he replied. "If that poor man is at the present moment lying exhausted on the sidewalk while his wife has closed her eyes in death, you alone are to blame for it, and I wouldn't have your conscience for all the wealth of Golconda. If able to drag himself back, the man is now at our gate and waiting for me. I shall accompany him home and alleviate his distress. If she is able to bear the journey, I shall send his poor wife to the hospital in an ambulance. As for you, woman—as for you and your accusing conscience!"

"My conscience does not accuse me," she interrupted.

"—as for you and your accusing conscience, you can sit here in company, and I don't begrudge you your reflections. What in blazes is the matter with that old cat?"

"She seems to be smiling," replied Mrs. Bowser as she looked over to where the feline was sitting up with a grin on her face.

Mr. Bowser looked around for a crowbar, but as there was none handy he passed down the hall and put on his overcoat and hat and left the house. The man was at the gate waiting for him. There were new tears in his eyes and a new color of red to his nose.

"How can I ever thank you, kind sir?" he exclaimed as he led the way down the street.

"I want no thanks," replied Mr. Bowser. "If you had only come to me a month ago, this would not have happened. Do you think your wife will live till we get there?"

"I hope so. Poor Mary!"

Mr. Bowser followed blindly, even when the man entered an alley. His thoughts were full of beef tea, ambulance, doctors and hospitals when two men jumped out of a barn, the starving husband turned back, and the trio had him on his back before he understood the situation. His watch and wallet were taken possession of with lightninglike rapidity, and after rolling him over and bestowing a kick upon him the men ran away and left him to get up and find his way home. Mrs. Bowser sat reading when she heard what seemed to be the gallop of a horse afar off. She rose up. It came nearer and nearer. She went to the front door, followed by the cat. The beating hoofs turned in at the gate, clattered up the steps, and as she opened the door Mr. Bowser fell into the hall. His hat was missing, his clothing torn, and he was covered with ashes from head to heel.

"Well, is the dying wife dead?" she asked as she looked down on him.

He didn't reply. He was boxed up, and he realized that words were useless.

M. QUAD.

Muzzled.



"What have you got him muzzled for?"

"I'm going to send him fer pie, an' I don't trust him."

New York Journal.

Muzzled.

Hopeless Case.

"You have a heart of ice," sighed the young man who had failed to win out.

"Therefore, in the language of the uncouth," rejoined the Boston maid, "you cut no ice with me."

Knew His Man.

"Why are you always trying to avoid seeing Brown? You certainly don't owe him money."

"No, but I'm afraid he wants to owe me some."

Muzzled.

More Important.

A story is told of a physician in China who had mismanaged a case, whereupon the indignant family seized him and tied him up, but in the night he managed to free himself, and escaping by swimming a river, which cut off his pursuit.

When he reached home he found his son, who had just begun to study medicine, pouring over his books. He wrung out his wet clothes, and, turning to the student, said gravely:

"My son, don't be in a hurry with your books. The first and most important thing is to learn to swim."

Kipling's Total Abstinence.

Here are Kipling's views on temperance: "I used to take a glass regularly," he says, "until one day, going along the streets of Manchester, I saw two 15-year-old girls reel out of a public house, stagger across the pavement, and fall in the gutter. From that time I have been a total abstainer. So are all my household."

Girls Up to Date.

When we see a girl of ten, crying these days, we don't know if we should give her a new doll to comfort her or tell her that no man's love is really worth crying for.

TWO LUNATICS

.... By P. Y. BLACK

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"It was a shameful trap," he said, "on the part of my people. The doctors were very careless in their diagnosis. To shut me up in a place like this was really too bad. In a very short time, however, I expect to leave."

"Oh, dear," she thought, her eyes dimming, "they all say that! To think that the poor man will never, never leave. 'I am so glad—for you,' she said aloud. 'You will be overjoyed.'"

"Oh, I—yes. But do you know this sanitarium is not so bad."

"Do you mean," she said gently, surprised, "that you will—er—have any regrets in leaving?"

"No," he said, "not exactly that, of course—not regrets, so far as concerns myself, for it is so humiliating to be committed, you know." He paused.

"But," he went on, "even in asylums one makes friends, and—one regrets—for them."

He looked down with a tenderness and a pity he could not hide, and she blushed, and for a moment there was silence. Then she said, with an obviously strained laugh:

"We are friends, of course, Mr. St. John. What an awful existence it would be here if one had no sympathetic friends! But you must not regret so much on my account. In a very short time I think my friends will take me home."

He choked a groan before she could hear it.

"The poor little thing!" he thought. "They all say that. And that decent young fellow, the doctor, assures me her case is very puzzling and her friends fear incurable. I am so glad for you." "Would it not be jolly if we became friends in the world as we have been when out of the world?"

Then he blamed himself again.

"If she really likes me," he thought, "and I think the unhappy child does, I should never had said that. It is cruel, brutal, to put such thoughts in her head."

She was looking at him with the tearful smile we essay when we encourage one who does not realize that death is near.

"It would be nice—very nice indeed."

They were silent again, each sorrowing for the other.

There were many other patients strolling on the lawns or sitting in the summer houses, patients of all kinds, from the shaky narcomaniac to the optimistically cheerful parrot. Attendants, male and female, moved unobtrusively among them.

Miss Tracy and St. John stood together, silent now and unobtrusively observant. A sturdily built (all the attendants were that) man was taking a patient to the iron barred house. He did not do it violently. He did it as one may see a policeman occasionally escort a quiet prisoner with a light touch on the captive's arm above the elbow. The patient was a little excited, but there was no disturbance at all. A visitor might never have noticed it. The strange thing was the unanimous backward withdrawal from the attendant's path of the patients encountered, the look of fright or dislike on their faces directed not at the captive, but at the guard.

"How they all dread him—instinctively, it seems," said the young woman who "expected to leave soon." "He is polite enough and not ill looking, but—"

"A man of great experience in his peculiar work, I'm told," said St. John musingly.

"It's his eye and mouth that do it, I fancy."

"A thoroughly ill dispositioned man, with a plausible exterior," said St. John. "I believe him capable of it."

"Of murder? Do—oh, what are you talking of, Mr. St. John?"

St. John looked very uncomfortable. Miss Tracy looked vexedly embarrassed.

"I heard some rumor of a strange death in the institution just before I came. I was thinking of it. Were you here? Have you heard anything of it?"

He was a little eager.

"How could I be here? We came on the same day, don't you remember?"

"Ah, true!"

So they watched the attendant out of sight and turned to go inside themselves.

They shook hands, although there was no reason for it. They would meet at the dinner table in a few minutes, but they shook hands and that lingeringly.

"It's awfully sad," St. John pondered. "So sweet a face, seemingly so intelligent. I wish—oh, pshaw! What's the use of wishing? These things are not to be remedied. I wonder if—she'd give me a photograph."

Miss Tracy went to her room slowly.

"I am silly to be so affected by an ordinary case. There are thousands like him. But—oh, dear, oh, dear! If

I'd known I was to have this sad experience, I would never have consented to come—never!"

They had no opportunity to meet alone for several days. Perhaps they might have made opportunities, but they did not. Doubtless it occurred to each of these two lunatics that it was the wiser thing to stifle at once any friendship which each thought likely to cause useless pain in the future to the other.

Dr. Bell found these two of his residents particularly interesting in those days, and so did the attendant. It was strange that they both so markedly preferred the company of the sanitarium people to that of their fellow unfortunates. The young house doctor thought Miss Tracy charming and never was abrupt with her when she sought him in his office, as he was compelled to be for self protection with some who wanted to see him half a dozen times a day.

"Very puzzling case," he mused.

"Now, why does she dwell so on that recent death? It seems to excite her too. That's morbidity, I'm afraid; bad sign."

The doctor liked St. John too. St. John's friends acted very nicely in sending him new books and boxes of cigars. The books were well chosen; the cigars were unexceptionable.

"Like all these paralytics," he pondered, "in the first stages you would not think there was anything much wrong with the man, but it is a little singular that he should be so interested in that unlucky death also."

As for the attendants, Miss Tracy had flowers and little things and could teach the women quite a number of new fads in hairdressing and so forth. For the men St. John's cigar box and full pocketbook sufficed to make them extremely courteous. The man with the wicked eyes and mouth benefited most, however. It was wonderful what a lot of little things he could do for Miss Tracy. It was strange that St. John should find anything in the man to talk about with common interest.

Just once the two lunatics met. It was just before bedtime in the music room. He had sung to her accompaniment. When she rose to say good night, he almost whispered to her:

"I expect to go to New York tomorrow."

"I am so glad for your sake," she said.

"And—and you—you have made my stay almost tolerable. Is there nothing you will allow me to do for you?"

"Oh," she answered, with sprightliness, "I shall not be long in going myself."

"Poor, poor little dear," he said to his pillow, "it breaks me all up to think of her staying here incurable."

Miss Tracy packed her trunk, and tears dropped on silk and linen indifferently.

"Oh," she murmured, "I do so wish I had never come here. I can never, never forget the sad, gentle way he used to look at me."

There was lively work next afternoon in the building of The Gazette. A young man sat at a desk apart in the reporters' room, and he scribbled and he scribbled. By and by the managing editor came in and looked over the busy writer's shoulder and told him that he had only an hour to finish up in. Then the great presses began to clatter, and in a little while the first edition of The Gazette was ready for the street, with an enormous black scare head on the front page.

And in the office of The Morning Jury there was also a very lively bustle, and there, at a retired desk, a young woman sat, and she scribbled and she scribbled, and late at night the presses began to rumble, and in a little while the first edition of The Jury was ready for the street, with an enormous black scare head on the front page.

The Gazette and The Jury were within a few minutes of each other in getting out. A copy of each paper was hustled into the office of the other, for rival editors watch each other's work with catlike intensity. And the Gazette office read with dismay that the great asylum mystery had been solved by the indefatigable efforts of a Jury reporter, while The Jury night staff tore its editorial hair over the glaring boast of The Gazette that its "special commissioner" had given to a waiting world the first and only enlightenment of the famous crime. There had been no time for one paper to lift the news from the other. How had the expected scoop been spoiled?

Tumultuous was the wrath in the two offices. Miss Tracy was explaining to her managing editor, with tears in her eyes, that she could not understand at all, at all, how The Gazette had got hold of it. In The Gazette office Mr. St. John stormed and swore and said that for the life of him he could not understand how The Jury had got almost the same story.

"Good heavens!" shouted St. John suddenly, and he dashed out to The Jury office. There he found a friend, with whom he conferred. The two lunatics were introduced to each other and a minute or two afterward were alone together.

They laughed a great deal at the idea of two reporters on the same strange assignment never suspecting each other, but their laugh was not very loud. The tender pity for each other of yesterday was still in mind.

"The attendant is arrested," said St. John. "You did not get it quite right. The patient he poisoned when nursing him was an old enemy. It was not done through trouble arising between them in the sanitarium."

"Oh, bother!" she said. "It doesn't matter. We've done our appointed work. Let's talk of something more pleasant."

So they did, and when he was about to go away he said:

"You said once we might be friends in the world as well as out of the world. Will we be friends, dear Miss Tracy?"

She looked at him so smilingly, yet so tremblingly, that he put his arm around her.

"Will you be more than friend, darling?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, and it was quite five minutes after, when some one's feet were heard approaching, that she jumped away and held up a warning finger.

"If your friend came in, he'd think us mad," said she.

"Two lunatics!" he answered, laughing, as the door opened.

IN HOUSECLEANING TIME.

MEN may talk of their strenuous life, but 'tis nothing to that of the wife who, with soap, brush and broom,

charges through every room, Everywhere against dirt waging strife.

'Tis a season of struggles and woes When from attic to cellar she goes, Making every place clean Till no dirt can be seen And not even a small dust speck shows.

From the carpets she hustles the tacks; Down come curtains and pictures and racks; Then at walls she will rush With a long handled brush, Chasing dust from all corners and cracks.

There are floors she must patiently scrub; There are windows to wash and to rub; Down the stairs on her knees She will go by degrees, Using water on them by the tub.

When the rooms have been all purified, To the cellar she bravely will stride; There with brush in her hand She will make a bold stand Till the whitewash to walls is applied.

Thus from rising to setting of sun, Till the task of housecleaning is done, Goes the vigilant wife In her strenuous life And is happy o'er triumph thus won.

But the man who so greatly is blessed With a wife of such vigor possessed Makes the bluff he must work, Yet he's playing the shirk And is out somewhere taking a rest.

His Best Role.

They were discussing the amateur theatricals of the previous evening, and Thespis was bewailing the hard luck that had brought on a violent headache and prevented his appearance.

"Do you know, old boy," he said confidentially, "that was to have been the effort of my life. I had the love scene down fine, and Mildred's heart must have been of stone if she failed to see that I was in earnest. I was willing to stake everything on the result, for I was confident she would accept me the moment the curtain went down. And to think that my usual hard luck would step in just when all my hopes were about to be realized!"

"I heard Mildred refer to your non-appearance," remarked Fayer.

"You did? And what did she say?"

"Said you performed an act of charity by not coming on."

The Scotch Halfpenny.

Englishmen are familiar with the name "bawbee," applied to the Scotch halfpenny, but to few does it bring the association of a baby queen and a loyal people. Those who meet with the word in their reading do not often stop to ask how it came to be applied. It appears that the first attempt at the portraiture of the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was made in her infancy, and her small face was engraved upon the Scotch halfpennies at the time of her coronation in 1543, when she was but nine months old. A number of these small coins are still preserved, and it will be easily understood how the name "bawbee," or baby, came to be given to the coin bearing the effigy of the baby. The halfpenny of Scotland is still commonly called the bawbee, although the baby face no longer appears on it.

It Puzzled Him.

It is said of a former Marquis of Townshend that when young and engaged in battle he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him supposed he was intimidated at the sight and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits. "Oh!" said the young marquis, with calmness, but severely, "I am not frightened, I am puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here!"

Sitting Tree Bark.

When a young fruit or shade tree stops growing and looks as if it were about to give up the struggle for existence, the trouble may often be traced to its being backbowed. In this case a long perpendicular slit in the bark will enable it to resume its natural growth.

EFFECTING A SETTLEMENT

By Frank S. Chilswick

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When Orrin Payton left the law school, he decided that he would confine himself to criminal cases as offering better pay and greater credit than the usual work which falls to the lot of the beginner. An ample fortune enabled him to decline cases which less fortunate young lawyers might have been glad to take up.

He had already figured in one or two trials of considerable importance, but his practice was not large, and his principal occupation consisted in wondering about the pretty girl in the office across the court. By a judicious expenditure of tips among the elevator boys, who in turn questioned the letter carrier, he finally discovered that her name was Maude Kingdon and that she was a stenographer for Massey & Keller, architects.

This information, while of interest, did not materially aid him in forming her acquaintance. He could think of no excuse for intruding on the architects, and Miss Kingdon was not the sort of girl one could get acquainted with in the elevator. Both dress and manner indicated an amount of refinement and acquaintance with social customs that necessitated a formal introduction.

Payton moved in good society, but he had acquired an intense dislike for the girls with whom he came in contact and whose god was Mammon, not Cupid. The little typewriter across the light shaft was of far greater interest to him, and her apparent inaccessibility made him the more eager to form her acquaintance. Once he met Massey in company with a business friend and exultingly told himself that this would at least afford him an entrance to the office. But even this hope was dashed to the ground when in saying goodby Massey expressed a desire to meet him on returning from a business trip that would occupy several months.

He had about given up all hope when one afternoon the young clerk who formed his entire office staff broke in on his solitude.

"There's a lady outside," he said, handing Payton a card, "who wants to see you about taking up a claim against the street car company."

"Tell her," said his employer, "that we don't take up damage suits." And then as the clerk turned to go he acci-

dently turned over the bit of pasteboard between his fingers and with a gasp caught his retreating assistant by the contrails. "Tell Miss Kingdon to come in," he commanded. "The case may be worth looking into." A moment later Maude Kingdon was seated by his desk.

"They told me, Mr. Payton," she said quietly, "that you take up only criminal cases, but I work for Massey & Keller on the same floor, and I thought you might be—er—neighborly enough to consider my case."

Payton bit his lips. Her eyes had said so plainly, "And you don't seem to be very busy."

"Quite right of you to come over. I'll be very glad to look into the matter. I did start out with a sort of definite policy, and I can afford to wait for something good."

Something in his tone offended the girl and she rose.

"In that case I beg pardon for my intrusion," she said icily. "Probably my suit would not appeal to you."

"Quite the contrary!" he cried, alarmed. "I am sure—er—that is to say, I assure you I wasn't referring to your case."

Half appeased, the girl sat down again.

"It is a comparatively simple matter. While my mother was alighting from a car last night the conductor signaled

the motorman to go ahead, and she was thrown heavily to the street. She fractured two ribs and was severely bruised. I should like to make the street car company pay the expense of her illness, for, to be frank, we can hardly afford to let the matter pass."

Payton jumped up excitedly. "They ought to be made to pay punitive damages. We'll sue them for \$25,000."

Miss Kingdon did not share his enthusiasm. "I should prefer," she said quietly, "to compromise the matter without resorting to the courts."

It was finally agreed that Payton should see the claim agent and endeavor to rush the matter through as quickly as possible. This afforded him an excuse for a daily visit to Miss Kingdon, and the more he saw of her the more he was satisfied that she was the one woman who could make him happy. The claim progressed slowly, as claims always do, but finally he secured from the company an offer of \$350, the maximum payment in cases settled out of court.

"This is outrageous," said the girl when he communicated the decision. "They know we need the money and that we will have to take this rather than wait several years until the case has been finally settled on appeal."

Something like a sob ended the sentence, and then she smiled bravely.

"You must not think me mercenary, Mr. Payton, but my salary is all we have, and mother has never been strong, and the hospital bills must be paid."

The office was empty, and Payton's sympathetic brown eyes looked straight into her own. She could stand anything just then save sympathy. Two great, round tears rolled down her cheeks.

Payton suppressed a wild inclination to kiss away the tears and took her hand gently in his.

"Believe me, Miss Kingdon, I have done my best. The greatest lawyer in New York could do no more. Six hundred and fifty is little enough to win from a corporation; but, whether you have guessed it or not, you have won something more—the heart of your attorney. If you'll marry me, you—your won't have to worry about the street car company."

She looked at him with brimming eyes. "You are very good, Mr. Payton," she said simply, "but I could never permit you to make such a sacrifice. You have done as much for us as any man could do. Don't think that because you failed to get more you must offer yourself in marriage."

Payton was nonplused for a moment. "Sacrifice!" he echoed. "If you argue along those lines, you'll be accusing me in a moment of marrying you for your money. Can't you realize that I've been interested in you more than a year and that I've loved you ever since you came into my office?"

She looked up, a smile breaking through the tears. "In that case"—she said softly.

"In that case," he retorted jubilantly, "I think I'll take my fee."

Had Put It to Proof.

Most of the men who went west in 1849 were from the north. There were, however, a few southerners, among them a Baltimore family who took along an old slave, Samuel Jefferson. Samuel was a patient traveler on the long journey across the plains, but very skeptical about the success of his master's expedition. It was not until his master became one of the gold kings of California that Samuel stopped shaking his head in silent protest.

Samuel lived to a good old age and after the war was the special attendant of his master's children. One day Hugh, the youngest son, was explaining to Samuel the spherical shape of the earth.

"If you should go straight ahead far enough, you'd come right around to where you started from."

"Now look heah, chile, yo' cyan' mek me b'lieve dat. I ain't helped yo' daddy tote his things all de way out heah f'm Baltimore f'r nuffin. If what yo' tells me was true, we'd 'a' come back to Ma'yan' about fo' times. I knows f'm 'sperience, honey, drivin' 'cross dem plains, dat de worl' am flat out—dat-ter'n a hocke, clean till yo' bump inter de ocean."

The Man Chase.

A convict had broken bonds and the dogs were put on the trail, that was still warm. It was an exciting scene. No one was near except a few prison officials in charge of a hundred desperate felons, and I felt the exciting sense of a sentinel on a lonely outpost as the six bloodhounds bounded through tangled forest, baying madly at every leap. Eager was my desire to see the finish. It came soon. The negro's force was spent, and he took to a tree in his effort to save himself from the baying dogs. I could not help thinking of the scene when a possum is treed, but I doubt whether the simile occurred to the wretched felon. He had broken off a branch and was desperately lashing Dynamite, one of the finest bloodhounds in the state, whose mouth was only a foot or two below him. Dynamite has been known to climb trees and to make a spring of ten feet in getting up to the first branches. Then the dogs were called off, and the negro, unharmed, was taken back in less than an

hour after he began his run for liberty. —Leslie's Magazine.

A Poet's Little Story.

"Magazine poetry," said a young Philadelphian who dabbles in verse, "is always a source of wonder to me. For a long time I have read it and tried to understand it, but many of the poems I couldn't make head or tail of. For five years I have sent verses of my own to one magazine and always got them back, usually with a printed rejection slip, but occasionally with a polite note from the editor explaining why the particular verse was not available. One day it occurred to me that obscurity was the open sesame to the pages of this magazine, and, more in jest than anything else, I scribbled off a sonnet that meant absolutely nothing. My only thought was to string together a lot of meaningless words that would rhyme. I couldn't help laughing to myself when I read it over. I called it 'Oblivion' and sent it off. After three months had gone by I got a check for it and a letter from the editor complimenting me upon having at length fathomed the depths of true poetry. What humbug it all is!"—Philadelphia Record.

A Rehearsal.

Robby—Sister will be down in a few minutes, Mr. Softly; she's upstairs rehearsing.

Mr. Softly (who has come prepared)—What is she rehearsing? Robby?

Robby—I don't know; but she's standing in front of the mirror, and blushing and saying, "Oh, Mr. Softly—ec—this is so sudden."

Unselfish sentiment.

To know Christ, and Christianity is to have the vision extended and the insight deepened and to have selfishness extracted from the work of life. Unselfish service is the Master's example.—Rev. Dr. Moore.

Good Money in Mutton.

Farmers who at one time abandoned sheep are again bringing them on the farms. They are also learning that there is more money in mutton than in wool.

Very True.

Money makes the mare go. But almost any jockey Has had experience to know That often mares are balky.

Consistent Opposition.

Uglicus—That new hat of yours looks like a real Panama.

Messieurs—Panama nothing! It's a Nicaragua.

Last Call.

When opportunity knocked at his door, he said: "I will not let him in; I think it is some fellow with a bill."

An Awkward Deadlock.

"Why are they not speaking?" "They quarreled about which loved the other the more."

Well?

"And now each is afraid to give in for fear of offending the other."—Brooklyn Life.

A Conjecture.

"I'm finishing my education by traveling."

"Are you, sonny? I s'pose you calculate to do quite a lot of travelin', don't you?"—Puck.

Easy Enough.

Mr. Harry de Windt in his book, "Finland as it is," tells of a mot of Andree, the Arctic explorer. Just before his last voyage he was driven to distraction at a dinner party by a talkative neighbor.

"But how will you know, professor, when you have really crossed the north pole?" was one of the many silly questions.

"Oh, that will be simple enough, madame," replied Andree with his well known dry humor. "A north wind will become a south one!"

Died of Neglect.

Louis XVII., titular king of France, the unfortunate dauphin, died in the Temple of Paris of abuse and neglect. His body was identified and certified to by four members of the committee of public safety and by more than twenty officials of the temple. The remains were privately buried in the cemetery of St. Marguerite, and every trace of the grave was carefully obliterated.

Odd Records.

Records are kept with knotted cords in Polynesia. During the early part of the nineteenth century and previously the official taxgatherers on the island of Hawaii, in the Sandwich group, did all their accounts on a rope 2,400 feet long, which was divided into lengths, each corresponding to a district. Loops, knots and feathers tied along the rope served as memoranda for the hogs, pigs and pieces of sandalwood collected from taxpayers.

The Women of Carthage.

There is a grand old story told about the supreme devotion displayed by the women of Carthage. When their city was besieged by the Romans, ropes were needed; but, as there was no flax to make them in the city, the women, headed by their heroic queen, came to the rescue. They one and all cut off their glorious tresses and made ropes out of their hair.

POEMS OF THE DOMINION.

A CANADIAN ON BURNS.

O, land of the winking furrow,
And the plowman's steady hand,
Sweetest of the earth's domains,
Whence come the corn and wine,
And the joy of the human race,
And the peace of the human soul!

And now the world knows better
Than it ever knew before
The worth and value of the grain,
And the joy of the human race,
And the peace of the human soul,
And the joy of the human race,
And the peace of the human soul,
And the joy of the human race,

And whether we guide the furrow,
Or wield the sword or the pen,
Or earnestly heed the extended need
Of the lonely and needy of men,
There is a kindly stride beside us,
As of one who would help us to care,
Who would see that the world's sore
Need, languish on the banks of Ayr!

And while we rear him monuments
Of marble or of bronze,
His ever-enduring memory rests
In the hearts of Scotland's sons!
As the Auld Mither thanks her laddies a',
For their many hard "good turns,"
She whispers our ear, as she wipes a tear—
"The best o' taen" was Burns!"
—William Wye Smith.
St. Catharines, Ont.

SAME OLD SAVING.

Saving for the man who sells us meat,
Saving for the one who shoes my feet,
Saving for the chap who saves the world,
Saving for the dinner where he dines me dead,
Saving for the day the rent is due,
Saving for the money to lease my pew,
Saving for the gas and the electric light,
Saving for the winter, when the dog days
Close.

Saving for wife, to buy her a dress,
Saving for her bargains? "Well, I guess
yes."

Saving for the doctor and gardener's bills,
Saving for the dentist and kindred ills,
Saving for holidays, old and new,
Saving to buy the babe a toy,
Saving for a brand new suit of clothes,
Saving to match it with fancy nose,
Saving to pay the honest man,
Saving to help the also ran,
Saving to be able to rattle the cash,
Saving to cut a wider dash,
Saving to pay for the chunk of ice,
Saving for dollars feel kind-a nice,
Saving to lend, saving to borrow,
Saving ever, for the morrow,
Saving for the sport of spending,
Saving for business lending,
Saving in rain, saving in pleasure,
Saving up the golden treasure,
Saving in hope, saving in gloom,
Saving to purchase a splendid tomb,
Saving for friends to bury you deep,
Saving for heirs to hang round and weep,
Saving, and if you've saved your piece,
Saved for the heirs from tears to smooze,
—Charles F. Raymond.

AFTER RAIN.

"For three whole days across the sky,
In solid packs that loomed and broke,
With flying flags dim as smoke,
The columns of the rain went by;
At every hour the wind awoke
The darkness passed upon the plain;
The great drops rattled on the pane."

"Now piped the wind as if to say:
Fell to a rough remote and dull;
And all night long, with ruck and lull,
The rain kept drumming on the roof;
I heard till ear and sense were full
The clash and silence of the leaves,
The gurgle in the creaking eaves."

"But when the fourth day came—at noon,
The darkness and the rain were by;
The sunward roofs were steaming dry;
And all the world was flecked and strewn
With shadows from a fleecy sky.
The haymakers were forth and gone,
And every rillet laughed and shone."

"Then, too, on me that loved so well
The world, despairing in her blight,
Uplifted with her least delight,
On me, as on the earth, there fell
New happiness of mirth and might;
I stole the valleys, pied and still;
I climbed upon the breezy hill."

"I watched the grey hawk wheel and drop,
Sole shadow on the shining world;
I saw the mountains clothed and curled,
With forest ruffling to the top;
I saw the river's length unfurled,
Pale silver down the frosted plain,
Grown great and stately with the rain."

"Through miles of shadow and soft heat,
Where field and fallow, fence and tree,
Were all one world of greenery,
I heard the reeds singing sweet,
The sparrows piping shrilly,
The thrushes at the forest's hem;
And as I went I sang with them."
—Archibald Chapman.

THE BOY FROM TOWN.

Last night a boy came here from town
To stay a week or so,
Because his maw is all run down
And needs a rest, you know,
His name is ec, and he's ec, right,
And he can't swim the cat—
His maw she calls him "Fet"; I'd hate
To have a name like that.

He wears a collar and a tie
And can't hang by his toes;
I guess that I would nearly die
If I had on his ec's;
He can't ride horseback, and to-day
When we slid on the straw,
He sat if roosters helped to lay
The eggs I pick for maw.

When our old gander hissed he run
As though he thought he'd bite,
And he ain't ever shot a gun
Or had a homemade kite;
He never milked a cow and he
Can't even dive or swim—
I'd hate to think he was me,
I'm glad that I ain't him.

He thinks it's lots of fun to pump
And see the water spurt,
But won't climb in the barn, and jump,
For fear of getting hurt.
His ec's are ec, nice and fine,
His hands ain't half as big as mine,
He ought to play with girls.

A little while ago when we
Were foolin' in the shed
He suddenly got mad at me,
Because I bumped his head.
There's lots of things that he can't do,
He thinks that sheep'll bite,
And he's afraid of ganders, too;
But he can fight all right.

Silk Hats in England.

Silk hats continue to be very fashionable in England. Of course the greatest wear is in London, but through out Great Britain there is expended each year over \$1,000,000 on this style of headgear.

She Told the Prince.

When Emma Eames was singing in London in 1891, she met and married the artist Julian Story. Even when the few details of the approaching ceremony had all been arranged no one was told of what was on the carpet, as Mrs. Eames feared it might interfere with her daughter's stage career. Three days before the marriage, however, Miss Eames told the secret to the Prince of Wales, whose patronage had already aided her greatly and who was moreover a friend and admirer of Mr. Story. "I have a piece of news for you," she said, "but please keep it to yourself. In three days I am going to become Mrs. Julian Story." The very first letter she received directed in that name arrived the morning of the ceremony and accompanied a wedding gift from the man who is now King Edward VII.

BROTHERHOOD.

That plenty but reproaches me
Which leaves my brother bare,
Not wholly glad my heart can be
While his is bowed with care,
If I go free, and sound and stout,
While his poor fetters clank,
Unstaid still, I cry out—
And plead with Whom I thank.

Almighty, Thou who Father be
Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
That, whichever fall,
The other's hand may fall him not—
The other's strength decline—
No task or sorrow that his lot
May claim for son of Thine.

I would, he fed, I would be clad,
I would be housed and dry,
But if so be my heart be sad—
What benefit have I?
But he whom shadows best endure
The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
Who shares that joy with grief.
—E. S. Martin.

He Is No Hypocrite.

Tom—Are you going to wear mourning for your wealthy uncle?
Jack—Only a black pocketbook.

Sydney and London.

Taking the distance as the crow flies, Sydney, 10,120 miles, is the most distant of large cities from London.

Births Taxed.

For over a century, up to 1794 births were taxed in England. A duke had to pay \$150 for the birth of an eldest son.

Tar Stains.

To remove tar put soft grease on the spot, rub it thoroughly with the hands and wash both grease and tar with warm soda water.

A Simple Matter.

"John, I'd like you to wake me at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning. I want to catch the early train."

"All right, sir; all right," replied the able servant expressively; "all you got to do, sir, is to ring."

Keeping Up With Fate.

"You will be married within a year," continued the fortune teller. "Dear me!" exclaimed the lady, who was already married. "I shall have to begin divorce proceedings at once."

Fear as a Cure.

It is said that fear is the most potent cure for senility. When the ship is in danger from any cause, the persons who are ill cease their troubling.

Where No Flower Blooms.

Within the antartide circle there has never been found a flowering plant.

A Bright Student.

Among the reminiscences of the class of '02 at Yale is the story of a stout and healthy looking member who was told by his tutor that "he was better fed than taught." "You teach me, I feed myself," was the retort.

Waterproof Boots.

To render boots waterproof melt together a little mutton fat and beeswax and when liquid rub a little of it over the edges of the soles where the stitches are. This will render your boots quite waterproof.

A Ring on Her Toe.

A woman without arms has been married at Christchurch, New Zealand. The ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left foot.

At a Discount.

"Edward," she sighed, "when I read your notes my hopes are raised toward happiness."

"Yes," he answered moodily, "I never was able to raise anything on my notes except hope."

The systematic use of capital letters in writing and printing was not common until about the year 1450.

Sorrel.

Sorrel may be mixed with tender leaves of dandelion and dressed simply with bacon cut in little strips, fried, and added with the bacon fat.

Three Long Words.

The two longest words in Worcester, Webster or the Century dictionary are said to be palatopharyngolaryngeal and transsubstantiationists. A longer one is noted in American Notes and Queries. It is methylbenzomethoxyethyltetrahydropyridinecarboxylate.

Spiders a Barometer.

If spiders in spinning their webs make the termination filaments long, we may, in proportion to their length, conclude that the weather will be serene and continue so for ten or twelve days.



Found.

A solid gold band ring found in the village may be recovered by the owner calling at this office and proving property.

For Sale.

One steam boiler, will hold seventy five gallons water per hour. Suitable for feed choker. Complete with two galvanized tanks of thirty five gallons each, together with pipe and coupling lines. Price \$60 cash or stock. Inquire at HERALD Office.

Turkey Raffle.

I will raffle off twenty head of geese and turkeys at our place, two miles north of Ponoka on Tuesday, October 14, beginning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Come out and secure a good turkey or goose for your Thanksgiving dinner.

S. B. ROBINSON JR.

School Seals.

The HERALD office is now in a position to accept orders for seals for secretaries of school districts, or other desiring official seals, at popular prices. Satisfaction with every seal guaranteed.

The Local Improvement Ordinance Northwest Territories.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of Section 65 of the Local Improvement Ordinance, the Honorable Mr. Justice Scott has appointed Thursday, the 20th day of November, 1902, at ten o'clock a.m. at the Court in Edmonton for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the resolutions made under the provisions of Section 65 of the Local Improvement Ordinance in respect of the following Local Improvement Districts, viz:

Local Improvement Districts Nos. 2, 17, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31, 35, 38, 42, 44, 45, 48, 52, 55, 59, 73, 130, 226, 228, 231, 240, 255, 401, 405, 405, 407, 422, 424, 434, 446, 451, 458, and 485.

Dated at Regina this 3rd day of September, 1902.

J. S. DENNIS, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works.

NOTICE.

The Liquor License Ordinance Northwest Territories.

Application has been made by Charles Cowden of Morningstar, Alberta, for an hotel license in respect of Hotel West at Morningstar aforesaid.

This application will be considered by the board of license commissioners at Oke, on Tuesday, the 28th day of October, 1902, at 3 o'clock p.m.

Dated at Regina, this 26th day of September, 1902.

HORACE HARVEY, Deputy Attorney General.

Cold Weather Is Coming.

Prepare for it by laying in your winter's supply of

Stove Wood.

Shave wood 75c per load. Pole wood \$1.00 per load. Custom Sawing Promptly Done. W. G. MERKLEY.

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and

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MORNINGSIDE

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Lumber

Lath, Shingles

Building Material

Complete Stock

Low Prices.

E. H. MATTHIAS

Morningstar, Alta.

W. D. PITCAIRN

Real Estate Agt.

Has the following

Choice Properties

FOR SALE

180 acres south of Haldimand

twelve miles, wood and

water per acre, \$3

and 22, 42, 24 per acre, \$7

and 12, 25 per acre, \$3

and 12, 25 per acre, \$3

Several in the city.

Good house and lot on

avenue, \$1,800.

Special ranch near Haldimand

lake, cattle house, implements, buildings, etc. \$1,125.

1 lot, South avenue, \$150.

1 lot, South avenue, \$20.

Lot with good bldg. Railway

street, \$150.

2 good lots, corner, Chalmers

avenue, \$225.

Corner lot, Railway St.,

Morningstar, \$100.

TO RENT

2 good farms close to town.

Several small dwellings in

the city.

For full particulars apply to

W. D. PITCAIRN, Real Estate

Agent, Morningstar, Alta.

STOCK PUMPS.

GEO HORN,

Agent for

The Celebrated J. & E. BROWN

Double-Acting Force Pumps.

These pumps differ in principle and

construction from any others. They

are positively anti-freezing and never

require painting. The only pump man-

ufactured that has no sucker, no stuffing

box or risk of any kind inside the

connecting pipe.

Dentistry

DR. J. CHRISTIE,

Licentiate of the Royal College of

Dental Surgeons, Toronto

Will visit Ponoka every...

Friday and Saturday

with a view to locating permanently

When desired

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

THE

Alberta

House

MRS. A. SHARY

Proprietress.

The Popular Stopping

Place for Landseekers.

...Rates \$1 per Day.

DOWN LOTS FOR SALE

..IN..

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Room also phone. Easy terms. Gen-

eral manager is Dyer, Hammond &

Neilsen, Calgary, C. B. Left,

Calgary, Agent.

For maps, prices, etc. apply to

T. J. WEST,

C. P. R. A. Ponoka.

Marchants Bank of Canada

Head office: MONTREAL.

Capital (paid up) \$1,000,000.

Reserve fund \$2,000,000.

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Interest allowed on Deposits.

A general Banking Business

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THE PONOKA

Saw Mill.

Now in Operation for the Season.

..CUSTOM SAWING..

Five Dollars per Thousand.

Patronize home industry by

buying your lumber at the

Ponoka Saw mill.

Be sure to bring your Permits

We cannot saw your logs without.

Loewen & Co.,

Proprietors.

Are You

GOING TO

Paint?

Painting and Paperhanging

is my profession and I guarantee

to do all my work. I have

located permanently in Ponoka

and solicit a share of the

work in my line.

My Prices are Right.

J. F. SULLIVAN

PONOKA.

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New Bakery

In J. B. Barr's House South End Railway St.

Best Bread,

Pastry, Fruit.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Jacob Smith.

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STARKEY & CO.

Guarantee their work

In all lines of...

General Blacksmithing.

Best Equipped Shop in the village.

Years of Experience in Our Line

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City Livery

..Feed and Sale Stable.

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W. N. TRIMBLE PONOKA.

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A Large Supply of

FLOUR

Just to Hand.

Prices as Low as the Lowest.

Highest Market Price Paid

for GRAIN and HAY.

All kinds of FEED.

McGillivray &

Herrick.

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R. K. ALLAN...

Cockshutt Plows & Dics.

McCormick Machinery.

Minneapolis Threshers.

A Car of 2-point Barb Wire.

GURNEY'S STOVES.

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For Good Health

To preserve or restore it there is no better prescription for

men, women and children than Ripon's Tablets. They are easy

to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved

and used by every physician. Ripon's Tablets are widely used

by all sorts of people—but to the plain, everyday folk they are

a veritable friend in need. Ripon's Tablets have become their

standard family remedy. They are a dependable house-keeper's

aid in all the common ailments of the day, such as indigestion, dyspepsia,

headache and so on. In constipation, offensive breath, flatulency,

diarrhea, indigestion, the heart, sleeplessness, muscular rheu-

matism, sour stomach, neuralgia and liver complaints. They strengthen

weak stomachs, build up run-down systems, restore per-

fect blood, good appetite and sound, natural sleep. Everybody derives

constant benefit from a regular use of Ripon's Tablets. Your

druggist sells them. The 5-cent package is enough for an ordi-

nary occasion. The Family Bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply

for a year.

R. I. P. A. N. S.

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Painters

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Next door to Case's Shop.

Eight Shaves \$1.00,

Hair Cut 25c.

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Proprietor.